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THE REFLECTOR.

It is good for us to note, at certain set seasons the fact, which we seem almost industriously to conceal from ourselves, that our life is rapidly passing away. We are prone to look forward and to think that all in which we can feel an interest, is hid in that portion of time which is to come; but is there not something in that which is past, on which we may occasionally fix our thoughts? It is our past life that has made us what we are. If we are satisfied with ourselves, we should look to the past for instruction how to persevere in that course, which has made us happy; but if the present is gloomy and irksome, if reflection on our character and condition, only calls up feelings of bitterness and remorse, we must seek in the by-gone years the seeds of the sorrows which rankle in our bosoms. There we must look for the errors which have made us miserable. Our happiness and our character are in our own keeping. If the one is marred and the other lost or stained, we have but to chide ourselves.

He who keeps no account of his past life is like the sailor, who keeps no reckoning of his voyage. He may sail on pleasantly, but not securely. He knows not that hidden rocks are under his prow, till it is too late to shun them. He knows not when nor where he will land. He trusts to fortune, but she is blind, and his fate is that of those who are led by the blind. So those who do not profit by their past experience know neither where they are, and have, to all valuable purposes, lived in vain. Instead of saying they have lived, they should say they have eaten and slept so many years.

There is pleasure as well as profit in contemplating the past. The scenes of our childhood are deeply engraved on our minds. The friends of our early days are dearer to us than those whom we acquire after we engage in the busy bustle of the world. How often do our dreams carry us back to the spot where our childhood was spent. How often by a happy delusion do we seem to meet and converse with friends long absent or dead. Ideas that have made a deep and lasting impression, are thus called up after long oblivion with all the freshness and reality

of actual present existence; and they come unattended with painful recollections. When we awake we regret that life is not to be lived over again.

None feel so sensibly the strong hold which the impressions of early life have on the mind, as those whose fortunes call them to spend their years of manhood and of business, in distant scenes and foreign lands. The word *home* to such awakes a thousand tender emotions. The recurrence of the "merry Christmas and happy new year," carries their thoughts back to the quiet seclusion of their native glen, which never seemed half so lovely, as when thus seen in the picture presented to the mind, duly shaded and softened by distance. Fancy paints the fireside, long since left, and gathers about it a happy group. What would the exile give to make one of the number.

The close of the year is, by many fixed on as the season to settle up their business, and make up the balance sheet of their worldly wealth. It should also be the season for a close and careful reckoning with ourselves. How many of the good resolutions of the past year have been put in execution? how many of them has procrastination delayed from day to day, till now another year has found the work not yet begun. How many vices have been insensibly taking possession of us. Bad habits are formed by deviations from rectitude, so slight that they for a long time scarcely attract the notice of the victim. Reader, examine yourself, and if you find any insidious vice stealing upon you, now is the time to break the bands before their increasing strength and your diminishing power shall render the struggle hopeless. Let the errors which faithful memory will place before you be corrected, and avoided in future, and as far as possible let their injurious effects either to yourselves or others, be removed or atoned for. Let all endeavor to attain that happy faculty of "seeing ourselves as others see us," and it will save us many a bitter pang, and many an unavailing regret.

PARENTAL LIES.

We believe that the slight regard in which strict truth is held among mankind, is principally owing to the lies which are told to children by their parents during the few first years of their

lives. Then is the time that permanent impressions may be as well made as at any later period. It is then, probably, that what is called the natural propensity of a child is unfolded. Many persons who have a great abhorrence of lying, and whip their children if they detect them in it, yet make no scruple of telling and acting to them the most atrocious falsehoods. There are few parents who do not do this in a greater or less degree, though doubtless without dreaming they are guilty of criminal deception. With many the whole business of managing their children is a piece of mere artifice and trick. They are cheated in their amusements, cheated in their food, cheated in their dress. Lies are told them to do any thing that is disagreeable. If a child is to take physic, the mother tells him she has something good for him to drink; if reluctant, she says she will send for the doctor to cut off his ears, or pull his teeth, or that she will go away and leave him, and a thousand things of the same kind, each of which may deceive once and answer the present purpose, but will invariably fail afterwards. Parents are too apt to endeavor to pacify their children by making promises they never intend to perform. If they wish, for instance, to take away some eatable which they fear will be injurious, they reconcile them by the promise of a ride, or a walk, or something else which will please them, but without any intention of gratifying them. This is lying, downright lying. People think nothing of breaking their promises to children, if the performance be not perfectly convenient. But they are the last persons to whom promises should be broken, because they cannot comprehend the reason, if there be one, why they are not kept. Such promises should be scrupulously redeemed, though at a great inconvenience, and even when inadvertently made. For the child's moral habit is of infinitely more consequence than any such inconvenience can be to the parent.—*Lit. Gazette.*

Military glory.—Julius Cesar according to his own confession, in the conquest of Gaul occasioned the loss of one million two hundred thousand lives; and it is supposed that the civil wars in which he was engaged destroyed an equal number. Two millions four hundred thousand men—murdered—to aggrandize one man!

MISCELLANY.

ANECDOTE OF VOLTAIRE.

Obstinate to excess, by character and by system, Voltaire had, even in little things, an incredible repugnance to yield, and to renounce what he had resolved on. I again saw a singular instance of it just before his departure to Prussia. He had taken a fancy to carry a cutlass with him on his journey; and one morning, when I was at his house, a bundle of them was brought, that he might choose. But the cutler wanted twenty shillings for the one that pleased him; and Voltaire took it into his head that he would give but fifteen. He then begins to calculate in detail what it may be worth; he adds, that the cutler bears in his face the character of an honest man, and that with such good faith written on his forehead, he cannot but confess he will be well paid at fifteen shillings.—The cutler accepts the eulogy on his face, but answers that, as an honest man, he has but one word; that he ask no more than the thing is worth; and that were he to sell it at a lower price, he should wrong his children. "What! you have children, have you?" asked Voltaire. "Yes, sir I have five, three boys and two girls, the youngest of whom is just twelve." "Well!" we'll think about placing your boys, and marrying your girls: I have friends in the treasury, I have some credit in the public offices. But let's finish this little affair: here are your fifteen shillings; say no more about it!" The good cutler was confused in thanking Voltaire for the protection with which he was pleased to honour him; but he still kept to his first word about the price of the cutlass, and did not abate one farthing. I abridged this scene, which lasted for a quarter of an hour, with the turns of eloquence and seduction that Voltaire employed in vain—not to save five shillings, that he would have given to a beggar, but to prevail by the power of persuasion.—He was obliged to yield, and with a troubled, indignant, confused air, threw the crown upon the table which he relinquished so unwillingly. The cutler, when he had got his money, returned him thanks for his favours, and went away. "I am very glad," said I in low voice, as I saw him go out. "Of what," said Voltaire, angrily; "What are you glad of?" "That this honest man's family is no longer to be pitied. His sons will soon be placed; his daughters married; he in the mean time has sold his cutlass for what he wanted; and you have paid it in spite of all your eloquence." "And this is what you are glad of, you obstinate Limosin!" "Oh, yes, I am quite pleased; if he yielded it to you, I believe I should have beaten him." "Do you know," said he laughing, in his sleeve, after a moment's silence, "that if Moliere had been witness to such a scene, he would have turned it to some prof-

it." "Indeed," said I, "it would have been the counterpart to that of Mr. Demanche." It was thus that with me his anger, or rather his petulance, always terminated in gentleness and friendship.—*Memoirs of Marmontel.—Series of Autobiography.*

A CORSICANAN ROB ROY.

Leaving Vivario, we heard from the lips of the poor cure, that the celebrated bandit chieftain Galluccio, and his followers, were in the maquis of a range of mountains to our right, and from which we were only separated by a ravine. The cure was busy in his vineyard when we passed, but as soon as he recognised our French companion he left his work a few moments to join us. "Sir," said he, addressing himself to Mr. Cottard, "I feel myself in imminent danger; Galluccio and his band are in yonder mountains, and only a few evenings ago, I received a peremptory message from him, requiring three hundred francs, and threatening my speedy assassination should I delay many days to comply with his demand. I have not the money, and I sent for some military to protect me." With all outrages of which Galluccio and his followers are guilty, he is by no means devoid of moral feeling; and is quite a polished character when he enters into private society, as I learnt from a French gentleman, who had met him at breakfast at the house of a mutual acquaintance. My friend, when he found himself in such company, naturally betrayed a little alarm, but Galluccio re-assured him, saying, "You and yours have nothing to fear at my hands." I should add, that this gentleman has the supreme direction of the public instruction of the Corsians, which Galluccio knew: indeed, the people generally are so anxious for education, and set so high a value on its advantages, that there is no part of the island which my friend does not travel in safety, his office protects him from every attack. To return to Galluccio; I am really afraid to extract from my notes many of the wild adventures of this Corsican Rob Roy. Not long since, a shepherd, personating him, violated a female peasant. The chieftain soon obtained information of the gross outrage that had been committed on his character, and finding the shepherd, took him before the mayor of Bagniola, and this at a time when Galluccio had six sentences of death hanging over him. At the chieftain's instigation, the shepherd was compelled to espouse the poor girl. Galluccio, after the marriage had been solemnised, said to the shepherd, "Remember that you make a good husband. I shall keep a watchful eye over your conduct; and, should I learn that your wife receives any mal-treatment from you, yourself and your family shall pay with their lives for your misconduct." The man little attended to Galluccio's warning. The chieftain adhered to his threat; and the shepherd, with his

father, and several other members of the same family, fell victims.

It was shortly after one of his most desperate exploits, that my friend was cast into his company. He appeared composed, his manners were exceedingly easy, and no one could have conceived so peaceable an exterior enclosed so rugged a heart.—*Benson's Sketches of Corsica.*

Young Napoleon at Vienna in the Summer of 1825.—We sallied forth, and first bent our steps towards the Dom Kirche or Cathedral of St. Stephen, whose ample aisles we found crowded almost to suffocation by people of all ranks and descriptions, anxious to hear the Mass about to be celebrated by the Archbishop in full state. Having obtained a seat in the musician's gallery, over the great entrance, I had a good view of this crowded assembly, and never (but once before at Rome when the Pope gave his benediction "Urbi et Orbi," and to the vast multitude crowded together before the balcony of the most magnificent temple in the world) did I behold so imposing or awful a sight:—awful is a term I may well use of here, for few sights raise such sublime ideas, are so awful to behold, as a large dense mass of uncovered heads, generally so animated and so restless, now still as death, awaiting the moment when the flourish of trumpets from the gallery would announce them the commencement of the ceremonies of the day. The church music of Vienna, and indeed of Germany in general, is far superior in effect to that of Italy: in the latter country the composition of the bands is not so perfect, the Italians introduce too many violins into the orchestra: this instrument is well adapted for the execution of the quick passages and dying cadences of Opera music, but is not calculated to express the long and swelling notes which are the characteristics of that composed for the church; in order to give these notes their full effect the Germans employ more wind instruments in the formation of their orchestra, and in the use of them are more perfect than the Italians. As the best singers had been engaged for the chapel of the burg or palace, we quitted the cathedral before the service was ended, and made haste to the former place, wretchedly small and without any pretensions to beauty of architecture or decorations, but yet from the splendid appearance of the company, (for they were all in full dress) and the excellence of the music, the effect of the ceremony was brilliant and imposing. The places of the Emperor and Empress (who were in Italy) was filled by the Archduke Charles and his lady; the Archduke Antony and the duke of Reichstadt (Napoleon's son) were also in the Imperial tribune. I was much pleased to have had so good an opportunity for seeing the latter, as in my visit to Schoenbrunn (where he then

resided) some days before, I had not succeeded in meeting him. In the upper part of his face, namely, his nose, eyes, and forehead, he is extremely like his father; his jaws, mouth, &c. &c. are truly Austrian, i. e. large and full. His complexion is light, and his forehead is higher than Napoleon's, which was remarkably low. He was of an idle disposition, they told me, and that it was very difficult to make him apply himself, except to mathematics, the only branch of study to which he showed inclination. When younger his great amusements were mischievous, practical jokes, many of which he played off on his august grandfather, (with whom he is a great favorite,) such as filling his boots with gravel, tying the skirts of his coat to his chair, &c. The Archduke Charles is much attached to him, and indeed with every person he seems to be a favorite.—*Reisende.*

Origin of Newspapers.—Miss Aikin, in her *Memoir of the Court of Queen Elizabeth*, gives the following account of the introduction of Newspapers into England:

"The intense interest in public events excited in every class by the threatened invasion of Spain, in 1554, gave rise to the introduction in this country of one of the most important inventions of social life—that of Newspapers. Previously to this period all articles of intelligence had been circulated in manuscript; and all political remarks which the government had found itself interested in addressing to the people, had issued from the press in the shape of pamphlets, of which many had been composed during the administration of Burleigh, either by himself, or immediately under his direction. But the peculiar convenience at such a juncture of uniting these two objects in a periodical publication becoming obvious to the Ministry, there appeared, some time in the month of April, 1588, the first number of the *English Mercury*, a paper resembling the present *London Gazette*, which must have come out almost daily, since No. 50, the earliest specimen of the work now extant, is dated July 23d, of the same year.—This interesting relic is preserved in the British Museum."

DUELLING.—Seldom, perhaps, have inadvertent levity, and a false sense of honour, produced results more disastrous, than in the instance which we are about to relate. Early in the year 1816, a subaltern officer, possessing a large estate in the south of Ireland, soon after his return from the Continent, became attached to a young lady in Dublin, and with the consent of her mother, the day for their marriage was appointed. Her fortune was small; but Mr. — instructed his lawyer to prepare a liberal deed of settlement for his intended spouse. A few days previous to the nuptials, Mr. — was sitting

in a coffee-house with two friends. They observed a gentleman, in the uniform of a marine officer entering. Mr. —'s nearest companion made some remark on the marine service, and he gaily replied, 'I never liked the amphibious subordination. It seems strange to me that any man of spirit can be indebted to the ship's cook for leave to go on shore.'

A person standing unobserved behind Mr. — happened to be acquainted with the marine officer, and immediately repeated the words to him. He darted upon Mr. —, and struck him twice on the face. Mr. — assured him he meant no offence: but the marine, who was much heated with wine, insisted on immediate satisfaction.—Seconds were procured, and the ground measured. The marine was severely wounded. Mr. — was advised to leave the kingdom; but he could not depart without seeing his bride. He entered the parlor—on a sofa lay the marine officer—his mother and sisters weeping over him—he was brother to the bride! He had just arrived from the West-Indies, after an absence of four years, and, supposing his mother was in the country, intended to set off for Wexford next day.—He lived only eight and forty hours; and though he acknowledged that he alone was to blame for the duel, his sister could not bear to connect her destiny with the hand that had deprived him of life. She steadfastly refused to become the partner of Mr. —. She acquitted him of all fault: she denied not that she esteemed and loved him; but never could surmount the appalling obstacle to their union; she died of rapid consumption in three months. Mr. — retired from the army, and joined the patriot standard in South America, with the hope of meeting a speedy death in the ranks of war. A broken heart accelerated the influence of an insalubrious climate.—*La Belle Assemblée.*

THE WIDOW.—I perceived her as she slowly turned the corner of the street to stop and wipe away the tears that were fast coursing each other down her feeble cheek, and my heart took an interest in her affliction, though I knew not the cause. I followed her unnoticed to her habitation. I saw her enter, and heard her bestow a benediction on three shivering infants who hailed her return with clamorous joy. She divided among them the scanty portion of food which her day's labour had been able to procure, and I saw her turn away and weep in silence that it was so little. I resolved to inquire her history, for she appeared like one who had seen better days. She had entered life with fair prospects, had married early, and lost a husband whom she had tenderly loved; he had been unfortunate in his

business, and at his death was unable to leave her an adequate supply for herself and three children; misfortunes had continued to pursue her. She had talents, but ill health, and poverty prevented her exercising them. She had industry, but could find little to employ it. She called at the houses of the rich, but they "could not afford to employ her;" she was too delicate for hard labour, and her feelings were too refined to allow of her being importunate. She bore her sorrows, her privations, and the mortification attendant on a condition like hers, in silence. The friends of her prosperity had forgotten her in her misfortunes. She had nothing to attach her to life, except these desolate infants—for their sake she tried to support her miseries and to struggle on yet a little longer. The thoughts of leaving them exposed to a world which she had found so pitiless, sometimes shook her fortitude; her religion would then come to her aid, and she remembered that they had a father in Heaven, and she knew that "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." This was the account I had of her; it is unnecessary to add that I was deeply interested; it is no tale of fiction. There are thousands such in this land of liberty, peace and plenty. In this refined and enlightened age, talents are neglected, industry too frequently discouraged, virtue unnoticed, and pride and riches alone triumphant. I have often reflected on the happiness it would have afforded me, if Heaven had blest me with the means to seek out neglected merit, to encourage virtuous industry, to show my respect to talents, though obscured by poverty, and to speak consolation to the delicate and sensitive heart when labouring under wrongs, which "patient merit of the unworthy takes." It galls me to think that vulgar importunity, and unblushing effrontery, too often obtain that notice and support, which modest merit sighs for in silence and in vain.

HARRIET.

A very ludicrous custom prevailed at Sebenico, in Dalmatia, in 1782, of choosing at Christmas a king of the city, whose power and dignity existed only fifteen days. This ephemeral monarch was formerly selected from among the respectable inhabitants, but now they decline the honor, and he is selected from the dregs of the people. During his short-lived reign, he is in many respects treated as a sovereign: but after fifteen days, his pomp and equipage are at an end; and his majesty despoiled of his crown and robes, quits his palace, and returns to his hut. This practice may have its use as a picture of the instability of all human grandeur.

It has been said that male grasshoppers only sing; which furnishes Xenachus, the comic poet with a *bon mot*—are not the grasshoppers happy in having done?

HISTORY.

THE SIEGE OF LAFAUR.

Simon de Montfort had profited by all the progress which the art of war had made in that age. He had himself served in the Holy Land, and there in his camp a great number of knights who had combated against the Turks and the Greeks, and who had, in the East, acquired the knowledge of the attack and defence of fortified places. He employed, therefore, to overthrow the walls, ingenious machines, whose introduction was quite recent amongst the Latins, and which were as yet unknown to the inhabitants of the Pyrenees. The most fearful was that which was called "the cat." A moveable wooden tower, strongly constructed, was built out of the reach of the besieged. When it was entirely covered with sheep-skins, with the fur outwards, to guard it from fire, and provided with soldiers at its openings, and on the platform at its summit, it was moved on rollers to the foot of the wall. Its side then opened, and an immense beam, armed with iron hooks, projected like the paw of a cat, shook the wall by reiterated strokes, after the manner of the ancient battering ram, and tore out, and pulled down, the stones which it had loosened. Simon de Montfort had constructed a cat, but the wide ditches of Lavaur prevented him from bringing it near enough to the walls. The crusaders, under the orders of Montfort, laboured unceasingly to fill up the ditch, whilst the inhabitants of Lavaur, who could descend into it by the subterranean passages, cleared away each night all that had been thrown in during the day. At last, Montfort succeeded in filling the mines with flame and smoke, and thereby prevented the inhabitants from passing into them. The ditches were then speedily filled; the cat was pushed to the foot of the wall; and its terrible paw began to open and enlarge the breach. On the day of the finding of the holy cross, the 3d of May, 1211, Montfort judged the breach to be practicable. The crusaders prepared for the assault. The bishops, the abbot of Courdieu, who exercised the functions of vice-legat, and all the priests clothed with their pontifical habits, giving themselves up to the joy of seeing the carnage begin, sang the hymn "Veni Creator." The knights mounted the breach. Resistance was impossible: and the only care of Simon de Montfort was to prevent the crusaders from instantly falling upon the inhabitants, and to beseech them rather to make prisoners, that the priests of the living God might not be deprived of their promised joys. "Very soon," continues the monk of Vaux-Cernay, "they dragged out of the castle Aimery, lord of Montreal, and other knights, to the number of eighty. The noble count immediately ordered them to be hanged upon the gallows; but as soon as Aimery, the

stoutest among them, was hanged, the gallows fell; for in their great haste, they had not well fixed it in the earth. The count, seeing that this would produce great delay, ordered the rest to be massacred; and the pilgrims, receiving the order with great avidity, very soon massacred them all upon the spot. The lady of the castle, who was sister of Aimery, and an execrable heretic, was, by the count's order, thrown into a pit, which was filled up with stones; afterwards, our pilgrims collected the innumerable heretics that the castle contained, and burned them alive with the utmost joy." Open hostilities had not yet commenced between Simon de Montfort, and the Count of Toulouse, but they followed immediately on the taking of Lavaur. The refusal to send provisions to the besiegers might serve as a pretext, but none was wanted for attacking those who were excommunicated. The castle of Montfort was the first place, immediately belonging to the Count of Toulouse, before which the crusaders presented themselves; and being abandoned, it was burned and razed from top to bottom by the soldiers of the church. The castle of Cassero afforded them more satisfaction, as it furnished human victims for their sacrifices. It was surrendered on capitulation; and the pilgrims seizing nearly sixty heretics, burned them with infinite joy. This is always the phrase employed by the monk, who was the witness and panegyrist of the crusade.—*History of the Crusades against the Albigenses.*

LEVEE OF THE PRIME-MINISTER OF
A TURKISH PASHA.

We expressed a wish to be permitted to see the palace of the pasha, the castle, the armoury, and any other public building that might be deemed worthy of a stranger's attention, which, after some hesitation, arising from the peculiar circumstances of the government at the present moment, was at last acceded to.

As no regularly appointed pasha had yet replaced the late governor of Damascus, who had recently died on his route of return, from the pilgrimage of Mecca, the administration of affairs was vested in the hands of his kiyah bey, or prime-minister. A message was therefore sent into an inner apartment of the palace, stating the nature of our visit, and the request we had preferred, when the bearer of it soon returned, and invited us in the name of his master, to "the presence." We readily followed him, and found the venerable Turk seated in a small but richly-furnished apartment, guarded and attended by at least fifty handsome officers, all armed with sabres and dirks, and all superbly dressed. We were desired to seat ourselves on the sofa, beside these chiefs, before whom stood, in groups, an equal number of armed attendants, and were treated with great res-

pect and attention. The rich Jew, Mellein Yusef, who conducted us to the presence of the kiyah bey, seated himself with the greatest possible humility on the floor beneath us, at the feet of his superiors, who occupied the sofa, first kneeling, and then sitting back, while kneeling, on the heels and soles of his feet, with these, and his hands completely covered, in an attitude and with an air of the most abject and unqualified humiliation. Mr. Banks was dressed as a Turkish effendi, or private unmilitary person; I still continued to wear the less showy garments of the Christian merchant, with which I had replaced my Bedouin garb. The rich Jew was dressed in the most costly garments, including Cashmere shawls, Russian furs, Indian silks, and English broad cloth: all, however, being of dark colors, since none but the orthodox Mohammedans are allowed to wear either green, yellow, azure, or white, in any of their garments, which are, therefore, however costly in material, almost restricted to dark browns, blacks, and blues. Among the party was also a Moslem dervish, with a patch-work and party-colored bonnet, of a sugar-loaf shape, and his body scarcely half covered with rags and tattered garments, his naked limbs protruding themselves most offensively, and his general appearance being indecent and disgusting. It was impossible not to be struck forcibly with the different modes of reception and treatment adopted towards us, more particularly as contrasted with our real and apparent conditions. The Jew, who was by far the wealthiest and the most powerful of all present, who lived in the most splendid house in Damascus, and fed from his table more than a hundred poor families every day, who literally managed the great machine of government, and had influence enough, both here and at Constantinople, to procure the removal of the present bey from his post, if he desired it, was obliged to kneel in the presence of those who could not have carried on the affairs of government without his aid, while the dervish, contemptible alike for his ignorance and arrogant assumption of superiority, was admitted to the seat of honor, and, with ourselves, who were of a faith as far removed from their own, as the Jew's, was served with coffee, sherbet, and perfumes, and treated by the attendants with all the marks of submission and respect.—*Puckingham's Travels among the Arab Tribes.*

When General O'Kelly was introduced to Louis XV. soon after the battle of Fontenoy, His Majesty observed, that Clark's regiment behaved very well in that engagement. "Sire," said the General, "they behaved well, it is true, many of them were wounded; but my regiment behaved better, for we were all killed."

THE REPOSITORY.

CORSIKAN HOSPITALITY.

To be hospitable to friends, to acquaintances, and even to strangers, is one of the first duties instilled into the mind of the Corsican; and the traveller may knock at any peasant's hut, secure of sharing the fare of its owner. He must not, however, offer his host a pecuniary recompense, for that would be considered insulting. Indeed, the duty of hospitality is here, to relatives, carried to a romantic extent, as the following trait will evince.

The families of Polo and of Rocco had long entertained a violent hatred towards each other. The former resided in the village of Tosa, the latter at Orbellara. Important business called the chief of the family of Polo into the neighbourhood of Orbellara; and, as he left his house suddenly, he conceived his rivals would not be aware of his journey. When about to return homeward, he learnt that emissaries of Rocco were lying in ambuscade to attack him. The day was on the decline, and darkness soon surrounded him, whilst one of those dreadful tempests arose, which are not unfrequent in the south of Europe.

Polo knew not which way to direct his steps; each moment he expected to find himself in the midst of his enemies, to whom the flashes of lightning were so likely to discover him. Danger thus be-setting him on all sides, he determined to knock at the house of his antagonist, Rocco, the chief of the family. A servant appears:—"Go," said he to her, "tell your master that Polo wishes to speak with him." At this name, so dreaded by all the family, the servant trembled with horror. At length Rocco presented himself, and with a calm look and unflinching voice, asked Polo what he wanted of him at such an hour. "Hospitality," Polo answered; adding, "I know that many of your household are concealed in my road homeward, for the purpose of taking my life; the weather is frightful, and I know not how to avoid death, unless you afford me, for this night, an asylum."—"You are welcome," replied Rocco; "you do me justice, and I thank you." Then, taking him by the hand, Rocco presented him to his family, who gave him a cold, although a courteous reception. After supper, Polo was conducted to his chamber:—"Sleep in peace," said his host; "you are here under the protection of honor." On the following morning, after breakfast, Rocco, well knowing that his emissaries were watching for Polo, conducted his guest to a torrent, beyond which he might securely proceed. They here parted; and Rocco added, as he bade his companion adieu,—"In receiving you into my house, I have done my duty. You would have saved my life under similar

circumstances; here, then, end the rights of hospitality. You have insulted me, and my hostility has been for a time suspended; but it revives on our parting; and I now declare to you again, that I seek for revenge. Escape me, if you can; as I, on my part, shall be on my watch against you."

"Listen," replied Polo; "my heart is overwhelmed, and my anger is extinguished. Follow your projects of revenge, if you choose; but for me, I will never stain my hands with the blood of one to whom I owe my life. I have offended you, you say; well, forget it, and let us be friends." Rocco paused for a moment, embraced his enemy, and a reconciliation ensued, which extended itself to the two families, who lived afterwards on the best terms imaginable.

The preceding story seems more like the invention of romance, than an accurate detail of facts. But a personal visit to the island, wherein the strong feelings of the heart are daily developing themselves in the most romantic adventures, soon convinces the traveller of the probability of such traits of character. In the instance above related, the virtue of hospitality suspended the most violent hatred. I now present the reader with an example of the terrific effect induced by a neglect of it; an example, indeed, which the island witnessed, only a short time before my arrival.

The laws relating to the conscription are very unpopular in Corsica, and the young conscripts frequently fly to the mountains, to escape from service in the French army. The gendamerie are employed in the arduous and dangerous service of pursuing the refugees. On one of these occasions, a conscript presented himself to a shepherd of the interior, begging for concealment. The shepherd said,—"My house is at your service, but I think that of my son better adapted for your security; go to him, and tell him I send you for protection." The conscript departed, and was received by the shepherd's son. There the gens d'armes soon discovered him; and the old shepherd, learned that his son had been treacherous to the conscript, and that he had yielded to the temptation of a bribe, went to his son's house, and his suspicions being confirmed by actual confession, he destroyed his child on the spot.

I have not the least doubt of the truth of the above anecdote, it was related to me by a French gentleman, one of the chief functionaries in the island.—*Sketches of Corsica, by B. Benson.*

THE THREE DAMSELS.

"Come hither, my beautiful Jean, and my fair Lilius," said the venerable Countess of Moray, to her laughing, happy Grand-daughters—"come hither my children, and spend your holloeen with me. It is true I have not prepared the charms of the night, nor am I ready to join

you in the incantations of the season, but I have a tale may suit it well; and you will not like it the less because the grey head tells you with her own lips the story of her day, when her locks were as bright as the berry, and her eyes as beaming as your own."

"That, in truth, shall we not, noble grandmother," said the sparkling Lilius; "but yet would I have the charm of Holloween. Ah, little canst thou dream how dear this night is to the expecting maiden! Let us perform the rites of the even, and to-morrow, grandam, thy tale shall find attentive listeners."

"Ah, true Scots!" said the Countess, "thus clinging to the wonderful, and seeking to peep into futurity: but try not the charm my children, if you love me. Alas! I think not of it without tears and a sorrow unspoken of till now; for the fate of a friend, dear to my early youth, gushes into my bosom. Sit, my children, and my story shall repay you for this loss of your time; me it will also please to speak of the things gone by; and if it convince you, as I trust it will, of the folly of these superstitions, I shall have more than gained my purpose. Will my children listen?"

"What is there we can refuse you, noble grandam," said the lovely Jean, burying her locks of amber amid the snowy curls of the venerable Countess. "Speak on, then; you have made us listeners already—and hark! wind, rain, and snow—a goodly night for a tale. Tell on, dear grandam; the fire is bright, the lamp is clear, and we are seated gravely, our thoughts composed to attention—now for thy wondrous tale!"

"It was on this very eve, many years since, my children," began the noble lady to her auditors, "that the three lovely daughters of a noble house assembled together in a dreary wood to try the charm of the night, which, if successful was to give to their earnest sight the phantom form of the lover who was afterwards to become their husband. Their powerful curiosity had stifled their fear, for they were as timid as beautiful, on their first setting out on this expedition; but on finding themselves alone in the dark and melancholy wood, some touches of cowardice and compunction assailed them together, and they determined by a somewhat holy beginning to sanctify the purpose which had brought them thither. They were too young to laugh at this mock compact between God and the Devil, and therefore, when Catherine, the eldest sister, began in an audible voice, to recite the prayer against witchcraft, the others joined in it most devoutly. Now then, fortified against evil, their courage rose with every additional sentence; and when the soft voice of the young Agnes, the loveliest and youngest of the three, steadily responded the amen, they were as courageous as was necessary, and no longer fearful of the power of the evil one. I know not, my children, all the forms used upon this occasion; but Catherine, after repeating certain words in a solemn voice, advanced before her sisters, and quietly placed upon the ground her offering to the slace she had invoked, as by his conduct towards it, she was to judge of her future prospects. It was a beautiful rose-tree which she had chosen, and the flowers were full and many; and the sis-

ers were contemplating from a little distance the richness of their hue, when they were startled by the clashing of arms and the loud outcries of men in fierce contention, breaking upon the stillness of the night. For a moment they hesitated whether to fly or remain concealed, when their doubts were decided by the rapid approach of a stern and stately Highland chief, who, brandishing his broad sword, swept on to the rose-tree as if he would annihilate from the earth its fair and fragile beauty. Suddenly he paused—his arm was no longer raised to destroy—the weapon dropped gently down beside the tree—and they saw his blue eye look mildly and kindly on the flowers, as, bending down to gather them, he faded from their sight in the action. Catherine was by no means displeased with her fortune; and the appearance of her handsome bridegroom gave courage to the other two to hasten the coming of theirs. Marian the second sister, removed the rose, and placed a lily bough in its stead, and then with a beating heart and wandering eye, repeated the charm.—Again the silence was broken, as the quick but steady tramp of a warrior's horse struck upon the ear, and the shade of a noble cavalier, dismounting from his phantom steed, advanced slowly, very slowly, towards the lily; his face was beautiful, but sad—beyond expression sad; and they saw a tear fall upon the flower as he pressed it gently in his bosom. He too had faded like a dream, when the beautiful Agnes advanced to perform her part in the witcheries of the night. She trembled, but she would not recede, and faintly repeating the charm, hung her white handkerchief on the branch of a distant tree. This time there was no sound, but a dread and solemn silence slowly ushered in her unexpected fate. From the wood came a long and sable procession of horse and foot, following a coffin, that was steadily borne towards them; many were the ghastly attendants supporting the pall, and many were the shadowy mourners who followed. Agnes watched with breathless attention the march of the phantom dead; they advanced slowly and steadily till they came to the tree, where her white offering fluttered lightly in the air; it was seen suspended a moment above them, then dropped amidst the calvacade, and Agnes beheld the pale fingers of the chief mourner clutch at the offering as it fell.

Days, weeks, and months, passed away, and still found Agnes drooping over her blighted hope, and expecting the death of which the omen of the forest had assured her; but still she died not, and was every succeeding month astonished that she yet lived. She now began to doubt the truth of the omen, more especially as the Highlander had not yet wedded her sister, who was betrothed to, and about to become the wife of a favourite of the king, who had earnestly sought her hand.—Agnes thought she too might listen to a tale of love; and such an one as was soon told her by a noble lover, and of her sovereign's blood, she listened to with pleasure. Walter was now her all, and the omen of the forest was forgotten.

The marriage of Catherine was appointed to take place at a country residence of her affianced husband, and Agnes, with her betrothed, was invited to be present. Marian too was there,

and no happiness could have been more complete than that of the bridal party; but a dark night set upon this brilliant morning: ere they could reach the church which was to be the scene of their union, the Highlanders had descended in force from the mountains and assailed the unarmed guests. "The Camerons come!" cried the shrieking maidens, and flew in all directions from their sight; the bridegroom fell in the conflict; and the bride, as she rushed to the side of her dying husband, was clasped in the arms of the insolent chief, and borne away to his bridal bed in the Highlands. Marian escaped in the tumult, and Walter preserved his adored by the effects of his desperate valor; cutting with his sword a passage through his foes, and encouraging the armed men, who now came to their assistance, to drive the invaders from their hold. They were successful: and silence, though accompanied by sorrow, again reigned in the halls of the young and hapless bridegroom.

But the greatest evil resulting from this cruel inroad was the sad effect it had upon the mind of Agnes. Her belief in the omens of the forest was returned: her confidence in her prospects was shaken: and with the same feeling that bids the giddy wretch throw himself at once from the precipice over which he fears he shall fall, she determined to hasten the destiny which she now firmly believed to await her. Convinced by the fate of her sister of the certain fulfilment of her own, she resolved to spare her lover, the anguish of beholding her expire; and, for this purpose, suddenly broke of all connexion with him, and refused to admit him to her presence. Walter's hope still struggled with his despair: he made some earnest appeals to her tenderness, her reason, and her gratitude. Agnes was deaf to all; she believed herself destined to fall an early victim to death, and that that bridegroom would snatch her from an earthly one, even at the altars foot. Walter, heart-broken, retired from his home, and joining the cavalier army of the king, sought in the tumult of a military life, forgetfulness of the wound his calmer days had given. In the intervals of his visits to his family, Marian became interested in his welfare; she saw him frequently spoke to him of Agnes, soothed his sufferings by her compassion, and gratified his pride by her admiration. He had no thought for any other; and though he loved not Marian, yet she became his trusted friend, his companion, and finally his wife. It was her will, and not his; and what woman ever failed in her determination over man!—they were wretched. The heart of Walter had not been interested, and the temper of Marian was such as to require its delicate preference. She became jealous, irritable, perverse, and soon taught her hapless husband the difference between herself and the gentle Agnes. Such a course could have but one termination; stretched at length on that sick bed which was to be her last, she sent to desire the attendance of her younger sister. Agnes obeyed the mandate, but only arrived in time to meet the funeral procession which conducted the hapless Marian to her early grave. The widower instantly recognized from a distance, his young heart's love, and rapidly flew to meet her; and as she shed tears of unfeigned sorrow for his loss,

he took the white handkerchief she held and tenderly dried them away. Oh! at that moment, how deeply Agnes sighed! She beheld in this scene the fulfilment of the omen, and wept to think she had wasted some of the best years of her life, and trifled with her lover's happiness and her own. "Ah, silly delusion!" she exclaimed in bitterness of heart, "of what hast thou not bereaved me!" After the period of mourning had expired, she gave her hand to Walter, and endeavoured, in making his days tranquil, to forget the felicity she had lost.

"But they were wedded, grandam dear," said the beautiful Lilius, laughing—"what more would the people have had?" "Youth, and its love, and its hope, and all its bright and gracious feeling," said the venerable Countess, "they had all fled with time, and nothing but their remembrance remained with Agnes and her Walter, which made their lot more bitter. He was at their wedlock past even manhood's prime; she was no longer young; and though not wretched, yet they were not happy; and it was only in their descendants they looked for felicity. Agnes has found it truly, but not Walter—"

"Grandam, it is your own tale you tell, and our grandsire's, I am certain, by the tears that roll down your face," replied Lilius. "And I will wait Heaven's own good time for a husband, and try these charms no more. Kiss me, noble grandam; your Lilius will never forget the Tale of Halloween." The bright maiden threw herself into the arms of her venerable ancestress, and at that moment it was hardly possible to decide which was the nobler object, the damsel in the glory of her brilliant youth, or the Countess in the calmness of her majestic age.

THE LITERARY CASKET.

CENSOR. No. 3.

"Est modus in rebus; sunt certi denique fines Quos ultra, citraque nequit consistere rectum."

Theatrical exhibitions have been variously appreciated. By some they have been condemned in toto, and by others as universally encouraged. Now we do not affirm that either of these classes are correct; but we do say without the fear of contradiction, that arguments are frequently advanced on either side when the question is entirely misapprehended. What then is the object of dramatic performance? Let Shakspeare answer the question; "To hold as it were the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own features; vice its own deformity; scorn its own inane; and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure." Who would not approve an object like this? If this object could be attained; and if theatrical exhibitions could be conducted with this object solely in view, it is firmly believed that those who are now so decided and conscientious in opposing would be as decided in encouraging them. Here then the question rests; not whether the object of dramatic performances is laudable or not; for on this point we all agree; not whether they produce some good, and prevent some evil; but can the object be so far attained as to counterbalance the numerous evils with which they are inseparably connected. Without attempting a full investigation of the subject, a few remarks will be suggested to those who regard theatrical exhibitions as worthy of encouragement. The Athenians expressed more ardor and eagerness for

The entertainments of the stage than perhaps any other people. And when we contrast the character of the Athenians when the world resounded with the fame of their victories, with their situation and character when almost reduced to slavery by Philip and Alexander; and when we investigate the causes of this remarkable change, we are led to suspect it was produced by their indolence and extraordinary fondness for public shows.

"After all," says Plutarch, "of what utility have these tragedies been to Athens, tho' so much boasted of by the people, and admired by the rest of the world?" I find that the prudence of Themistocles enclosed the city with strong walls; that the fine taste and magnificence of Pericles adorned it; that the noble fortitude of Miltiades preserved its liberty; and that the moderate conduct of Cimon acquired it the empire and government of all Greece. If the wise and learned poetry of Euripides, the sublime diction of Sophocles, the lofty buskin of Aeschylus have obtained equal advantages for the city of Athens, by delivering it from impending calamities, or by adding to its glory, I am willing that dramatic pieces should be placed in competition with trophies of victory, the theatre with the field of battle, and the compositions of the poets with the exploits of the generals. But what a comparison would this be? He then accuses the Athenians of wasting their exertions upon boyish trifles; of lavishing upon the theatre the funds which ought to have been appropriated to the support of their navies and armies.

If the experience of ages were sufficient to establish the truth of a proposition, there would be no room left to doubt that the evils which accompany theatrical exhibitions more than counterbalance the advantages; and that these evils are inseparably connected with the theatre. I will not now enumerate them. But whenever the theatre is encouraged evils exist which it is not in the power of the law to prevent.

No remedies have hitherto been devised, and we have no reason to expect there ever will be any which will effectually prevent these evils. The only effectual remedy is an entire prohibition of theatrical exhibitions. And if we consider that this prohibition is sometimes evaded, we cannot doubt the correctness of the conclusion. For if a law cannot be so expressed as to preclude the possibility of evasion; or if when this law is plain, there is no authority to enforce it, we ought not to expect that any regulation can be made, which will prevent the evils of theatrical exhibitions. A. K.

VARIETY.

Political pun.—A Vermont man named his daughter *Embargo*, upon which a wag observed, that so long as she retained that name, all commerce with her will be prohibited.

Coquette.—A coquette has been compared to those light wines, which every body tastes, and nobody buys.

A faggot man carrying a load, by accident brushed against a doctor. The doctor was very angry, and was going to beat him with his fist. "Pray don't use your precious hand, good sir;—kick me in welcome." The bystanders asked what he meant. Says the woodman, "If he kick me with his foot I shall recover; but if I once come under his hands, it is all over with me."

A person looking at some skeletons, asked a young physician where he got them? He replied: "we raised them."

"Of all the charges of the court," said a Dutchess in the time of Louis XV. "the most difficult is to fulfil that of a lady of honor."

An Hibernian being told of the progressive lateness of dinners, from 5 to 6, 7, 8, and 9 o'clock, exclaimed, "Arrah, but we beat them in Ireland—we've none at all!"

It would be a singular but not ungrammatical expression for one to say, that that that that person laid emphasis on, is not that that that should have been used.

BURNS, THE POET.—His last moments have never been described; he had laid his head quietly on the pillow awaiting dissolution, when his attendant reminded him of his medicine, and held the cup to his lips. He started suddenly up, drained the cup at a gulp, threw his hands before him like a man about to swim, and sprang from the head to the foot of the bed, fell with his face down, and expired without a groan.

Very mal-aprop.—A tradesman being arrested in the West Riding of Yorkshire, he sent for two of his neighbours to give bail for him, who, on their arrival were accosted by the Sheriff's officer with "I am glad to see you, gentlemen, I have a writ for each of you, and your coming hither has saved me the trouble of seeking you."

Typographical Misprism.—A curious error appears in one of the papers in giving the verdict of a coroner's inquest on a glutton, who was choked by voraciously devouring part of a goose. The verdict was, died by suffocation, which was printed *stuffocation*!

A guinea dearly earned.—The parish clerk at Winkleigh has a salary of one guinea per annum for winding up the church clock daily, and it has been calculated, that to earn this sum, he has to travel 102 miles, and ascend and descend 29,000 steps, and haul up 18 tons weight, 3000 yards.

Ghost of an arm chair.—A lady assured the editor of the truth of the following story; She had ordered an arm chair, which stood in her room, to be sent to a sick friend, and thought it had been sent conformably to her orders. Waking, however, in the night, and looking by the light of the night lamp, at the furniture in the room, she cast her eyes on the place where the said chair used to stand, and saw it as she thought in its place. She at first expressed herself to her husband as being vexed that the chair had not been sent, but as he protested that it was actually gone, she got out of bed to convince herself, and distinctly saw the chair even on nearer approach to it.—What now became very remarkable was, that the spotted chair cover, which was over it, assumed the appearance of being studded with bright stars.—She got

close to it, and putting her hand out to touch it, found her fingers go through the spectrum unresisted. Astonished, she now viewed it as an illusion, and presently saw it vanish, by becoming fainter till it disappeared. Dr. Foster considers this apparition as affording a clue to one mode by which spectres are introduced, namely, by local association. The lady had anticipated seeing the chair in its place, from its always being associated with the rest of the furniture, and this anticipation of an image of perception was the basis of a corresponding image of spectral illusion.

[Every Day Book.]

Education.—It was the custom of the Romans to select from their slaves the preceptors of their children. The expression of a philosopher, who demanded one thousand drachms for the instruction of a young man, was admirable. "It is too much (replied the father) it would not cost me more to buy a slave." You are right, sir; and by that means you will have two slaves for your money—your son and the one you purchase."

Praise.—The love of praise has been wisely implanted in the human soul; it is the crowning wreath which urges industry to attain to perfection, and excites our anxious endeavours to place the gifts of nature and the embellishments of art, in the most pleasing point of view.

A wit, reading the account of Mr. Snowball, who put an end to his life for love, exclaimed—"Poor fellow what a pity he did not wait for a *thar*, for then he would have died a natural death."

Cross Examination.—A witness lately examined in one of the courts of Illinois, upon trial concerning a horse trade, was asked by the counsel for the defendant how the plaintiff generally rode?

Witness. He generally rides a straddle, sir.

Counsel. How does he ride in company?

W. If he has a good horse, he generally keeps up

C. How does he ride when he is alone?

W. Really sir, I cannot say, for I never was in company with him when he rode by himself.

C. You may stand aside, sir.

UNCOMFORTABLES.

To say something that you consider cunning and witty, and observe your auditors look perfectly blank, or grinning a little out of compliment.

To awake in the middle of the night and find yourself covered with St. Anthony's fire, fleas or bed bugs.

To find yourself in a suitable mood for writing, and then to receive a succession of friendly calls.

THE WEBER.

ON THE DEATH OF C. M. VON WEBER.

Set to music, and sung during the late magnificent funeral ceremonies in the Cathedral, in honor of the distinguished author of "Oberon."

Weep, for the word is spoken—
Mourn, for the knell hath knoll'd—
The master chord is broken,
And the master hand is cold!
Romance hath lost her minstrel,
No more his magic strain
Shall throw a sweeter strain around,
The legends of Almaine!

His fame had flown before him
To many a foreign land,
His lays were sung by every tongue,
And harp'd by every hand;
He came to cull fresh laurels;
But fate was in their breath,
And turned his march of triumph
Into a dirge of death!

O! all who knew him, lov'd him;
For with his mighty mind,
He bore himself so meekly—
His heart—it was so kind!
His wildly warbling melodies—
The storms that round them roll—
Are types of the simplicity
And grandeur of his soul!

Though years of ceaseless suffering
Had worn him to a shade,
So patient was his spirit,
No wayward plaint he made.
E'en Death himself seemed loathe to scare
His victim pure and mild,
And stole upon him quietly
As slumber o'er a child!

Weep, for the word is spoken—
Mourn, for the knell hath knoll'd—
The master chord is broken!
The master hand is cold!

WHAT IS MASONRY.

'Tis not to scan
Thy fellow man,
And drive him from thy door,
Because one sin
Is found within,
And he is old and poor.

'Tis not to view
A brother true,
Exposed to winter's storm,
Nor yield relief,
To sooth his grief,
Of bread and garments warm

'Tis not to dry
The widow's eye
With calculating care;
Nor yet to hear,
With careless ear,
The orphan's anguished prayer.

'Tis not to know
A brother's wo
From slander's sharpest tooth,
And join the cry
To aid the lie
Which triumphs over truth.

But 'tis to be
Of Charity
The herald and the hand;
To feed the poor
That seek thy door,
And clothe the naked band.

And 'tis to know
The widow's wo,
To feed and to relieve;
To wipe, sincere,
The orphan's tear
And soothe the hearts that grieve.

Milford, Del.

MILFORD BARD.

From the American Sentinel.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

How often I think on the scenes of my childhood,
The meadows and fields where the wild flowers grew;
The orchards, the pond, the glade, and the wild wood,
And the social delights that my infancy knew.

The dew-spangled lawn, and the green grassy meadow,
The copse where the birds warbled sweetly their lay;
Where oft in the wide spreading trees ample shadow,
We felt the sea-breeze in the heat of the day.

I remember the road, with its winding and turning,
The green living hedgerow that skirted the way;
The field it enclosed where the brick-kiln was burning,
And the pits where they dug up the smooth yellow clay.

And I have not forgot when a storm was a coming,
The hoarse rumbling noise of the waves of the sea,
The old hollow log where the partridge was drumming,
And the woodpecker pecking the hollow oak tree.

I remember the old fashioned mansion we lived in,
With the bay and the beach, and the ocean in view;
The swamp and the brake where the singing birds built in,
And the trees by the lane where the thorn apples grew.

In that old fashioned house, in this loved situation,
With small panes of glass, and the clean oaken floors;
Content was our lot, and no fear of invasion,
Not a bar, nor a lock, nor a bolt to the doors.

But what was the cause of that tranquil enjoyment?
Not the house, nor the fields, nor the prospect so rare;
Not the orchards, nor pond, nor rural employment,
But the dearly loved friends of my bosom were there.

And the day that we parted, the heart rending anguish,
No pen can describe, neither pencil portray;
To me all the beauties around seemed to languish,
And all the gay scenes quickly faded away.

Those transient enjoyments how fair and how fickle,
They spring up and bloom like the flowers in May;
But trouble and care thrust in the sharp sickle—
They're cut down, and with her, and die in a day.

But the joys of the faithful are ever increasing,
Their course is celestial, their Author divine;
In the truth they rejoice, and their prospects are pleas-
ing,

In glory and beauty forever to shine.

AWAY TO LOCH LONG.

FOR MUSIC.

Away and away o'er the bright sunny sea,
To you shore that looks smiling on you, sweet, and me;
The waves are asleep, dear—the winds have no sigh,
But to rest on the breast of the blue waters lie.
O Jeannie! than Friendship's some ties are more strong
Then wilt thou my own one, away to Loch Long?

Tho' the sun kisses fondly the hills of Loch Gare,
And the palace and hall on its banks glitter fair;
Yet our white winged wee-bark past its headland shall
glide,
And my arm and my ear bear thee on through the
Clyde:

For though silver its shores, trod by Pleasure's gay
throng,
There's a lovelier strand far away to Loch Long!

O sweet is the shealing that waits for my Jeannie!
As blissful it smiling looks o'er Ardentinn—
And rests on the green hill in safety and pride,
As on Donald's fond breast shall the brow of his bride,
Give that sigh to our sail, Love—the voice to the song,
Whose notes shall re-echo! Hail lovely Loch Long!

From the Rural Visitor.

What falls so sweet on summer's flowers
As soft, refreshing tepid showers?
What bids the bud its sweets exhale,
Like evening's mildly whispering gale?
Yet sweeter more delicious far,
And brighter than the brightest star—
Decking the intellectual sphere—
Is Pity's meek and balmy tear.

What bids despair her arrows hide?
What checks affliction's torturing tide?
What heals the wound of mental pain,
And soothes the fever of the brain,
And bids the rending soul subside?
Lulling to rest distrust and fear—
Soft Pity's kind and holy tear!

Yet not that Pity formed to give
A pang which bids affliction live;
Not Pity that can taunting shew
Superior pride untouched by woe;
Not pity that with haughty smile
Consoles and murders all the while;
But pity which is formed to prove
The bond of faith—the test of love!

CONSUMPTION.

I saw a maiden smile, and happiness
Was in her smile—health glowed upon her cheek;
Fleet was her step, and light her bounding heart,
And love was in her eye, wherein no tears
Had ever found a place, save those of joy,
Or the pure gem of sympathetic birth.
But then when others wept, her heart was full,
And the big tear would tremble on the lid
As the wild dew-drop, on a fresh spring flower
Trembles, all sparkling in the morning sun.
But pale Consumption gluttled with the spoils
Of many an age, and strong with recent conquests,
Attacked her.

I saw the roses fade, that smiling face
Day after day more pale, save when the hectic,
The life devouring worm, drove to her cheek,
The roseate peach, the sign of dissolution.
I saw her when she died—her languid frame
Grown thin with many a month of weary turning
On the sick couch,—and lips all parched with fever,
And bosom heavy with convulsive sighs.
I saw that eye, the seat of many a charm,
Grow dim—then fixed, like comet, strangely glare,
In space without an object.

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